

HIS OWN STAR.

Man is his own star, and the soul that can Render an honest and a perfect man Commands all light, all influence, all fate, Nothing to him falls early, or too late. Our acts our angels are, or good or ill, Our fatal shadows that walk by us still. John Fletcher,

A STUDIO STUDY.

Georges Bartel, the now well known painter, made in his early life what is known as a love match. Now love matches are, according to don't want me!" writers of romance, a panacea for all earthly ills, but in this instance the magic spell failed to charm or to bring the young hearts thus united the connubial bliss which, by Cupid's

Although married, Georges and his wife
were not happy—perhaps because the affection that formed almost the entire stock in
The trade of the young couple was not equally

divided. The bride was a charming creature, with black hair, pouting red lips and white teeth
—an artist's ideal—but a little captious as

to temper, Installed in their modest home, all the little incidents of daily life that should have been the excuse for light hearted gayety only served as a pretext for quarrels and bitter complaints.

Even the sweetest dispositions will sour in an atmosphere of bickering and strife, and at the end of two years the artist was com-pelled to acknowledge himself bankrupted in all the elements that should have formed for him a happy home, while the wife was forced to admit that the lover had long since been lost to her in the husband. Because recognition did not come at once, Julia-such was Mine. Bartel's name-lost patience, and the

effect upon her temper was not agreeable. But the less successful the artist may be at the commencement of his career, the more he stands in need of love and encouragement at home. If the world is cold and unappre-ciative, and dealers are unkind, the greater the need that he should find under his lowly roof an atmosphere of cheerfulness and love.

When Georges returned at night, weary and discontented at some fresh vexation or rebuff, had be not a right to find at his fireside a companion, a friend, who would share his griefs and had the skill to charm him into forgetfulness of the world and its annoyances? A smile, a kiss, a kind word have dried many a tear—smoothed many a furrowed brow! But smiles, tears and kind words were not for Georges. It seemed instend that as the days rolled on, Julia's tem-per became more and more intolerable.

She was not made, she argued with her-self, for a life of hardship and privation. What was the use of being beautiful if her husband could not buy her fine clothes to show off her fine looks? Without dresses and bonnets, one might as well be buried in some hole in the provinces, as reside in Paris. Ah! if she could only live her life over again. Then came surging into her mind regrets for the past, fears for the future—in short, the dangerous precursors of bad resolutions and worse actions. Julia was yielding to the voice of the charmer.

One evening poor Georges came home tired but happy. He had been on his feet all day, but he had received much encouragement for the future, and had collected a little money for present necessities. He found the studio door locked; he knocked. No response. A vague presentiment of evil flashed across his mind. He dashed down the staircase, and, forcing himself to be , said to the old concierge: 'Madame has gone out!'

"Ah! is that you, M. George? I didn't see you go up. Yes, madame has gone She went away just after you did, and said that you were not to wait dinner for her. She left a note for you upstairs." Georges steaded himself against the wall

to keep from falling. Fortunately it had grown dark, but for at her lodger's sudden pallor,

as he took his key.

He went up slowly this time. He understood that a great misfortune had happened He stopped a moment at the door before

opening it to wipe the perspiration that was standing in beads on his forehead. He went in, struck a light, and at once began to look for the missive which his wife had left behind thinking, to the arms of a plaster Venus in

He dropped into a chair and read the fol-owing: "My dear friend: Parsion the pain that I am again compelled to cause you, but it will be for the last time. I can no longer live as we have been living. I know I am an obstacle in the way of your obtaining recognition in your profession. I am sure your friends tell you so daily—an annoyance in the present and perhaps a burden in the future. You will be happier without me. You have loved me and I have brought you nothing but misfortune. Besides I have a horror of poverty. I know what it is, for I had a sister who died of want. Don't try to find me; it will be in vain. Forget me and pity me. I can see that we were not made for each other, and it would have been better if we bad not married. THY JULIA." He read and reread this precious epistle, and was utterly cast down?

Georges had been plunged for some mo-ments in gloomy reverie, when his studio door opened. A young girl, almost a child, entered softly, but seeing the artist so prostrated, and evidently under the shadow of some great affliction, stopped suddenly and said in a timid voice:

"I beg pardon, M. Georges, I am intrud-The painter looked up and saw his model,

to whom everybody had given the name of "Oh! it's you," be said; "what do you

"Mon Dieu! M. Georges, I came to see if you wanted me,"
"No, not just now. I am not painting at

"Oh! I'm sorry!" replied Rose, gently. Neither spoke for a moment. Then, going up to him, and after having taken a long look at the stricken artist, she added: "You are in trouble, M. Georges."

Georges made no answer. He crushed Julia's letter in his hand and made a significant gesture that Rose understood.
"I am going," she said, walking slowly toward the door, and sighing deeply as she

retreated. "I'm sorry, so sorry."
"Come, Rose," said the artist, somewhat aroused from his letharmy by the girl's evident sympathy. "Speak! Do you want any-

thing! It is no reason because I am in trouble that you should not tell me. Speak, my child, and let me know what I can do for "Well, then," answered Rese, "I came to see whether you could advance me twenty the color, friend, if the fish if fresh.-New

france on my sittings—business is poor just now. I thought you wouldn't mind my coming to you for this little service, but I see that I chose the wrong time. I am going. Adieu, M. Georges: another day will do just as well. I'm sorry I troubled you.

Georges rosa, felt in his pockets and brought forth several louis, which he held

"Here, Rose; you have always been a good girl. I collected quite a large bill today. Take the money; I don't want it."

ent. I may go away for a while, and one never knows what may happen. If I don't return, you will keep it in remembrance of

Rose looked at him intently, and with woman's instinct she exclaimed: "M. leorges, you mean to kill yourself!" "If replied the painter, trying to smile.
"You are mad, Rose. Why should I want to

"Because you are not happy. Oh! I've een it. I saw what was coming. But. M. Georges, now she isn't here any longer, let me stay with you and be your little house-keeper. Then you'll have your model always you. I'll take great care of the studio. It shall always be nest and clean, and your dinner shall always be ready for you when you come home. I won't ask any wages," she added, blushing a little, "and I will be as still as a mouse, and you sha'n't hear me moving around. I won't disturb you. You

"Thanks, Rose," said Georges, holding out his hand to her; "thanks, but I must be alone. Adieu, my child."

Rose turned pale. "Adieu," she answered,

struck by the artist's singular manner.

"No, I mean 'Au revoir!' Au revoir, The little model gave the unfortunate painter a glance full of tenderness and devotion, and as the door closed behind her. she murmured to herself as she wiped her eyes: "Oh! how happy I could have made

Left alone, Georges carefully locked the door, sat down near the candle and gave Julia's letter a last perusal. The reading ended, he was about to press it to his lips, when he suddenly changed his mind and tore it in pieces, which he threw from him. Then he poured forth to the silent walls all the

misery that was crushing him.
"No! enough of weakness—of cowardice! ned of myself. Let me make an end of it. What has my life been but a long martyrdom! I never had any happy childhood. My mother died in giving me birth, as if she foresaw, poor woman, that she was only ushering me into life that I might know the full meaning of struggles and privation. I have fought desperately. I did not faint on going into battle! The art I love so entirely has only furnished me enough to keep me from dying-scarcely enough to insure my living. I adored that woman, I made her my wife. She leaves me! It is enoughit is too much! To avoid years of suffering, what is needed? Only a moment's courage. Well! I have decided. A last adieu to annoyances, to deceit—to kisses given and never returned. Adieu to tears, to life. As they say in the museums, 'Gentlemen, it is closing time.' Yes, but how shall I close?' He mecanically rolled a cigarette, while he glanced around him. His mind was now made up, and, weary with the long and unavailing contest with adverse fate, he sought the means of giving effect to his resolution. "I must find a nail," he thought, "and a

good stout one. I am not anxious to prolong the agony." His glance was arrested by a magnificent canvas by Rembrandt suspended from the wall by an enormous hook. The picture had been sent to him to copy. He slowly took down the painting and carefully placed it on an easel. Then he searched in the drawers for a strong cord that would bear his weight, and when he had found it rubbed it seduously with soap. While making these mournful preparations he kept his eyes fixed on the work of the Dutch master-his favorite

artist.
"What a painter," he said to himself, "what simplicity! what firmness of touch! what truthfulness of expression' what wealth of invention in the entire composition! Thou too, oh beloved master! thou too hast loved -hast suffered! Thou, too, stripped of everything, didst none the less arduously continue thy precious work, avenging thyself for the injustice of destiny by the production of masterpieces!"

And poor Georges-went steadily on making his preparations for leaving a world that had been unkind to him. At this point a singular incident occurred. When all was ready for the final leap into the dark the afflicted artist stopped before the Rembrandt | packages, his surprise apparently increasing to take one last look at the work of the masthat the old woman would have been startled | the contemplation of its perfections, he unconsciously sank into a chair. There he pese and then went to his room. "All right! he managed to stammer out, sense of his many wrongs, his hard life of the counter, and in a voice that left no doubt labor, his ungrateful wife, the unappreciative public, for whom he endured so many hardships, his unhappy and somber child-hood, the long years that must surely elapse before he could hope to secure an adequate supply of even the necessaries of life-all some other man's room. He asked for his this passed from him. In the glorious repub-lic of art he was a free citizen. Within its laundry, and, storming and swearing, he left her. She had confided it, perhaps without | magic realm there was no hunger, no shabby raiment, no indifferent purchasers, no spits ful spouse! All that his sense of the beautiful demanded was here supplied to him without cost. There was but one duty-to delegation of aldermen and lawyers were The man-the poor threadbare, out at elbows, needy fellow, who was not sure of a meal from day to day-was here an artist! in the early evening. During most of this As the night watches wore away he had been temporarily released from this work-a-day world, but he had left it by another portal than that by which he had intended to make when a porter woke him up. After inquiring

IV. The sky was taking on a purple tinge in approach of day. There was a loud knock-

fresh young voices. Georges suddenly awakened from his long

reverie, rose and before replying to his young friends, again looked at the beloved canvas and thus addressed it:

"Thou art not willing that I should die, oh, revered master! since the study of one of thy works has prolonged my existence until dawn, and I am now recalled to life at a moment when I expected to be already in the moment when I expected it; I will live-but through thee, and for thee

"What brings you here at this hour!" asked the artist, as he at length opened the door to his self invited guests.

"This note," replied one of them, "which each of us found at his lodgings on returning home early this morning.

"On receipt of this letter go as quickly as you can to see Georges Bartel. He wants Rose Misene." Georges was greatly affected by this evidence of the poor child's affection. He un-derstood; there was after all such a thing as trade, and therefore can be sold at a lower

And this is why-thanks to a little model and a big nati-one may see in this year's Salon a specimen of the work of one of the most devoted admirers of the Dutch painter!
-Translated from the French of Frederic Febre for The Home Journal by J. Henry Hager.

Draws the Line at Freshness. Waiter (to countryman)-There's black bass, sir, and striped bass, and white fish and

Countryman-I don't keer nuthin' about

A New Jersey taxidermist breeds owls to meet the demands of his business.

Fame comes only when deserved, and then it is as inevitable as destiny .-- Longfellow.

There are said to be more millionaires in nos Ayres than in any other city of its size in the world. Many of the private houses in the city have been built at a cost of over \$1,004,000, and one of the banks has a paid up capital of \$57,000,000, with deposits and a Then, suddenly recollecting, he added unickly: "At least I sha'n't need it at pres- New York Evening World.

She is false, O Death, she is fair!

Let me hide my head on thy knee;
Blind mine eyes, dull mine ears, O Death!
She hath broken my heart for me;

Find me a rare, dim place— But let not her voice come nigh, And keep out her face—her face! -Lizette Woodworth Reece.

THE MODERN GREEK.

Best Advantage Not in Athens but in Constantinople. Nobody who has known Athens for long, or who knows the real resources of the coun try of which she is the capital, can be disapinted with the progress made. Few cities

pointed with the progress many. For the have improved more during the last twenty The government has introduced com pulsory education on a most extensive scale; railroads are being opened; drainage and the planting of trees have received great attention, and the sudden breeze of patriotism which has lately passed over Greece and puz zled Europe will doubtless bear its fruits in greater unity of purpose. Perhaps the real evil which, more than anything else, has checked the progress of Greece during the last half century has been its constitutional government.

There are many Cavours in Greece. Tricoupis is a Cavour with English ideas, but unfortunately Greece is not ruled over by a Victor Emmanuel, nor has she yet produc a Garibaldi. Everybody in the small kingdom is, as of old, a politician, and the consequence of this is that ministries rise and fail and elections take place with a rapidity which might even astonish us. The one point on which all Greeks are agreed and which has been taught them by late events is

this: that if they are to hold their own in the Balkan peninsula they must have more territory. They crave for the fertile plains of Epirus and Macedonia, for something that will give them a chance of development and the means of existence on a large scale. The place where the Greek is seen to the greatest advantage is not at Athens, where mass meet ings will one day cheer for Delyannis and the next for Tricoupis, but at Constantinonle There he is, so to speak, on the defensive, living in the midst of the great destroyer of his race and freedom. Here his commercial

propensities have brought him to the fore. The "unspeakable Turk," who loves money but hates making it as bitterly as he hates the Greek, who can make it, has given him in return for money everything that he asks. This has enabled the Greeks to attack the Turks with the above mentioned weapon of education. Concessions for Greek schools all over the rotten empire have been literally bought; there is searcely a Greek village in Macedonia, Epirus, the islands and the coast villages of Asia Minor which has not been supplied with schools for both girls and boys either through the munificence of Greeks or through the clerical and monastic influence which in its day has played so valiant a part in the conservation of the Hellenic language and the Christian religion.—Cor. Fortnightly Review.

OWL HOURS IN A HOTEL.

All Sorts of People Who Run Against the Night Clerk's Desk.

"Not all of the funny things that happen around a hotel, are shown up in 'A Bunch of Keys," said Mr. Watson, a night clerk in an Omaha hotel, to a reporter after the theater, Almost any time at night you could see things going on around here that would amuse you, but it doesn't always pay us to

say anything about them." At this time there were not many guests of the hotel in the office, and those who still sat and chatted began to look sleeps, and one by one drifted away to bed till only the reporter remained besides the clerks and porters. Just then a 'bus pulled up at the door and a florid traveling man rushed up to the counter, grabbed a pen and registered. Then he leaned toward Mr. Watson and confidentially asked if there was any mail for him and seemed surprised that there was not; then he asked for telegrams and express as he was assured successively in the negative Standing before it, completely lost in | Then he called a messenger boy and sent a note, which it took him some time to com-

as to his being about three-quarters "shot," asked for the key to No. -, which was handed to him; he went up on the elevator, but returned very soon, saying that it was the wrong key, and that he Later a policeman walked him into the office, and it took three porters to

put the guest to bed. Although it was late at night, the Lincoln just coming in in small squads, though fif-teen of them had been to the opera together time a man was sitting in the writing room, sound asleep. He was not disturbed until it was apparent that he meant to stay there, the price of lodging the sleeper walked out into the street

"That's a common type of beat," said Mr. the east, and great green and red bands Waison; "there isn't a night that we don't stretching across the horizon announced the have to fire one or more of them out. They re known in botels as 'sleepers,' "

"If you want to write about sights in a "Come! Georges! let us in. Open the hotel at night you ought to come here and sit door, Old Lazy Benes!" cried a number of out the 'watch' with me when there is a crowd in town," continued Mr. Watson; "this is a light night and not much going

> Americans Beat the British. "The use of foreign pickles and sauces in

this country is very small now. American products have taken their place." This was the reply of a wholesale grocer to

"Not exactly; but the American pickles are fully equal to them, and, what is of more importance to consumers, they are much cheaper. You will remember that at one time no pickle was thought worth eating un-less it bore the stamp of a certain firm in London. The same may be said of sauce But this is all changed. No one thinks of asking for the London concern's pickles now in any ordinary grocery store, and if any one should it would be almost impossible to get them. The American bottled pickles are

price to the consumer."
"What about the sauces?" "The old English sauces are no longer on the price lists of large grocery stores, as a better kind can be supplied at from 40 to 50 per cent, cheaper. That the latter gives sat-isfaction is shown by the fact that it has superseded the foreign among the wholesnie trade and jobbers, besides which the old prejudice against anything American has died out. If the article be equally good, and can be had cheaper, it will command the trade."-New York Mail and Express.

A woman was up before the police court the other day for assaulting her husband. He releated after her arrest, and when he came to the witness box he refused to swear against her. "Now, Mr. Clark," said his honor, "diffn't

your wife inflict those scratches on your "I can't tell a lie, sir."

"And I don't want you to. Was it your "Your honor, we keep a cat. It lies between the two of 'em. If my wife says she didn't then it must be the cat, and I'll have her beheaded before I sleep this night!"-Detroit Free Press.



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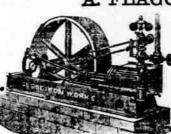
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